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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FIFTY-NINE

DARICK 2011

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THE BIG RIDE

conclusion

WHAT...?

THEY DIDN'T DO IT. POSTING THE FOOTAGE, IT WASN'T THEM.

NO, NO, THAT'S BULLSHIT! IT HAS TO HAVE BEEN THEM, I MEAN WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?

NO IDEA. BUT I KNOW HE'S NOT LYING.

NO, HE'S--FUCKING CONTROLLING HIS BREATHING OR SOMETHING, HE'S LEARNED HOW TO SLOW DOWN HIS HEARTBEAT! HE'S LYING!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS...

RIDICULOUS? THIS IS MY FUCKING LIFE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!

THESE COCKSUCKERS RUINED ME! THEY FUCKING DID ME FOR GOOD! AND YOU LOOK AT THIS PRICK FOR FIVE SECONDS AND GIVE HIM A PASS JUST BECAUSE HE SAYS OTHERWISE--?

WELL FUCK THAT, I'M NOT GOING OUT LIKE SOME ASSHOLE! I WANT PAYBACK FOR THIS SHIT! I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL THESE FREAKS, AND NOBODY'S GOING TO--

NO.

YOU'RE LEAVING.

THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH FOR SELF-INDULGENCE.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!

YOU ASSHOLES! YOU FUCKING PIECES OF DOGSHIT!

JUST GO, IDIOT...

I'M GONNA GET YOU FOR THIS, I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK!

YOU DICKS!

AND WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE AS WELL. BECAUSE...

THIS AIN'T THE TIME.

NO, YOU'RE RIGHT.

IT ISN'T.

WAIT...

SOMEONE HAS ATTEMPTED TO PROVOKE A WAR BETWEEN US. A POTENTIALLY CATACLYSMIC CONFRONTATION.

SHOULD WE NOT INVESTIGATE?

SHOULD WE NOT TEAM UP, AND--

DON'T BE A CUNT ALL YER LIFE.

YOU LOT BE ON YER WAY. I'M SURE WE'LL BE SEEIN' EACH OTHER AGAIN SOONER OR LATER.

LET'S JUST GET BACK TO NORMAL FOR NOW.

GET EVERYTHING BACK TO NORMAL.

YEAH?

?

WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM?

AYE, D'YOU WANT A FUCKIN' PROBLEM, YOU--

NON.

WELL, THAT WAS A RIGHT LAUGH.

I TELL YOU WHAT, I'M FEELIN'A BIT PECKISH. DOES ANYONE FANCY A SPOT O' NOSEBAG?

CHINKY? OH, SORRY, HEN, I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY--

I WAS THINKIN' STEAKS. DO MONKEY'S EXPENSES A BIT O' DAMAGE.

AAHHHHHH... LA VIANDE...

WHAT NOBLE CREATURES ARE OUR FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS...

AYE. I WAS A VEGETARIAN ONCE, BUT I GREW OUT OF IT.

THAT'S FUNNY, JACK'S BACK AT DOC PECULIAR'S...

YEAH?

YEAH, DOC SAYS HE SHOWED UP TWENTY MINUTES AGO. STINKIN' MOOD. THEY KNOW HE DIDN'T DO THE TRANNY, BUT NONE O' THE OTHERS WANNA GO IN AN' BUM HIM.

HE'S DOIN' A BLEEDIN' TON O' BLOW.

SO ARE WE GONNA TRY AN' FIND OUT WHO SET US UP HERE?

'COURSE WE ARE.

'CAUSE I MEAN WE ALL COULDA GOT KILLED THERE, LIKE. AN' THAT WAS DEFINITELY THE OBJECT O' THE EXERCISE, IT'S...IT'S *DASTARDLY*...

IT'S DOWNRIGHT FUCKIN' MUTTLEY, MATE.

ARE YOU GONNA UPSTAGE *EVERY FUCKIN' THING I EVER SAY...?*

EH?

DASTARDLY'S MY WORD. I BROUGHT IT BACK WI' ME FROM SCOTLAND, I USED TO SAY IT WHEN I WAS A LADDIE.

IT'S MINE.

UH...ALL RIGHT...

I DON'T WANNA SOUND DAFT, OR ANYTHIN', BUT--

TOO LATE.

NO, I'M SERIOUS HERE, ALL RIGHT? I MEAN IT.

YOU UNDERMINE EVERYTHING I DO, YOU DO IT ALL THE TIME. IT'S LIKE THE OTHER DAY WHEN I GOT BACK, YOU SAW ME COMIN' AN' YOU AMBUSHED ME--YOU DIDN'T WANT ME SAYIN' WHAT I WANTED TO, SO YOU THREW ME OFF-BALANCE--

AMBUSHED YOU? WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU ON ABOUT?

YOU DID. YOU DIDN'T WANT ME SAYIN' IT, SO YOU STOPPED ME THE WAY YOU ALWAYS DO. UNTIL YOU WERE READY, AN' I'D BE ALL CONFUSED AN' YOU'D HAVE THE ADVANTAGE...

ALL OF YOU STOP FUCKIN' LAUGHIN' AT ME!

PETIT HUGHIE, YOU HAVE ADOPTED THE MANNER OF LE TALKING HEADS: YOU HAVE STOPPED MAKING SENSE.

I'M NO' FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ABOUT THIS! I'M FED UP FEELIN' LIKE A FUCKIN' PRICK JUST 'CAUSE YOU LOT FANCY A LAUGH!

I'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH, I DO MY FAIR SHARE! AN' IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT SOME ***FUCKIN' RESPECT***--!

NO-ONE'S--

AN' ANOTHER THING, ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT TRANNIES AN' LADYBOYS AN' CALLIN' THEM ***HIM AN' MATE***--THAT'S NO' WHAT THEY'RE CALLED! YOU KNOW I HATE THAT SHITE!

THEY'RE HUMAN BEIN'S, AN' WHEN THEY GET KILLED IT'S AS BAD AS IT HAPPENIN' TO ANYONE! IT'S NO' A JOKE! AN' IT'S NO' JUST A FUCKIN' STICK TO BEAT THE SUPES ROUND THE HEAD WITH, EITHER, LIKE IF IT HADN'T BEEN JACK WE WOULDN'T'VE GIVEN A FUCK!

HUGHIE, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, MAN...

IT'S EXACTLY THE SAME AS WHAT HAPPENED WI' SWINGWING, AN' THAT BOY HE FUCKIN' MURDERED! YOU DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT HIM, TO YOU HE WAS JUST A POOF AN' AN ARSE-BANDIT! ALL YOU WANTED TO--

I KILLED SWINGWING.

WHAT?

I UNSCREWED A PART ON HIS WANKY FUCKIN' JETPACK, SO IT'D RUN OUTTA FUEL. I DID IT RIGHT IN FRONT O' YOU.

I DID THINK ABOUT USIN' HIM AS A SOURCE, BUT THEN I THOUGHT... FUCK IT, LET'S JUST DO HIM.

NOW MAYBE I CALLED THAT LAD A FEW NAMES, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND I GOT THE CUNT THAT CHUCKED HIM OFF A ROOF.

WHAT'D YOU DO?

I--

FUCK--!

YOU'RE JUST DOIN' IT ***AGAIN...!***

YOU'RE SAYIN' WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO, JUST TO KEEP MY BLOODY HEAD SPINNIN'! YOU ALWAYS KEN JUST HOW TO DO IT!

BUT I KEN THINGS TOO, ALL RIGHT? A FUCKSIGHT MORE'N YOU THINK! AN'--

YEAH?

WHAT IS IT YOU KNOW, THEN?

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ON ABOUT, WITH THIS UNDERMININ' CARRY-ON. YOU AIN'T SAYIN' IT ALL THAT WELL, BUT I THINK I'VE GOT THE IDEA.

ENOUGH SAID. ALL RIGHT?

SO.

HUGHIE'S RIGHT, WE DO WANNA BE LOOKIN' INTO WHAT'S HAPPENED. NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, YEAH?

RIGHT THEN.

'SCUSE ME, BOYS.

I'VE GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A DOG.

YOU MEAN-- WAIT A MINUTE, YOU CAN'T GO AFTER HIM NOW, THE SEVEN'RE--

SHUT THE *FUCK UP*, HUGHIE.

BUT...

YOU GONE OUTTA YOUR GODDAMNED MIND?

DANGER
ELECTRIC FENCE
KEEP OFF – KEEP AWAY
5000 VOLTS
PRIVATE PROPERTY
ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE
WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU FEEL THE NEED TO TENDER YOUR RESIGNATION?
0:00:00
I...SIR, I OVERSTEPPED. I VERY NEARLY PRECIPITATED A DISASTER.
I FAILED.
AND?
0:00:00
SIM 001
SIR?
I PROMOTED YOU AND GRANTED YOU A MEASURE OF AUTONOMY. YOU EXPLORED A VARIETY OF POLICY OPTIONS.
NOW, IN DOING SO, YOU CERTAINLY EXCEEDED YOUR BRIEF...
YES, I KNOW THAT, SIR, I--
I HAD THE FEELING YOU WERE ENCOURAGING ME IN THE DIRECTION I ULTIMATELY TOOK.
I MISINTERPRETED.

YES, THAT'S TRUE. BUT WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY, MS. BRADLEY, WAS THAT--

GIVE ME ONE MOMENT, WOULD YOU?

I WAS GOING TO SAY THAT WHILE YOU DID EXCEED YOUR BRIEF, AND WHILE IT'S STILL TOO EARLY TO DECLARE THE SEVEN SURPLUS TO REQUIREMENTS, THERE WAS--ULTIMATELY-- LITTLE HARM DONE.

JACK FROM JUPITER IS NOT THE HOMELANDER. HE ISN'T EVEN THE DEEP.

WHAT HE IS, REALLY, IS EMINENTLY REPLACEABLE. WE'LL SEND HIM OFF TO BE A HERMIT AND BRING IN SOMEBODY NEW, MAYBE A MAVERIK OR ANOTHER ONE OF THE YOUNG AMERICANS.

THE PUBLIC LIKE THESE LINE-UP CHANGES. GIVES THEM A PLEASANT SENSE OF INVOLVEMENT.

I SUPPOSE I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT FROM THAT ANGLE...

WELL, THINK ABOUT THIS:

YOU SHOWED REMARKABLE PERSONAL INITIATIVE AND AMBITION, NOT TO MENTION ADMIRABLE CREATIVITY. YOU RAN THE SIMULATION, LOOKED AT THE NUMBERS--THEN YOU ACTED.

IT WAS A GOOD PLAN, WELL EXECUTED.

JUST POORLY TIMED.

IF YOU DON'T MIND ONE LAST COMMENT--REALLY JUST A MATTER OF PERSONAL TASTE--

OH, OF COURSE, SIR...!

RELEASING THE FOOTAGE WAS REALLY A STEP TOO FAR. ONCE YOU REALIZED BUTCHER WASN'T GOING TO DO IT, THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE TIME TO CUT YOUR LOSSES.

AGAIN, JUST PERSONAL TASTE.

UM, YES, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. THANK YOU, SIR.

YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE QUITE SO QUICK TO DESPAIR, MS. BRADLEY. DON'T FORGET YOU'RE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE TEAM.

OF THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN FAMILY.

YOU REALLY ARE QUITE VITAL.

GOODBYE.

0:00:42

ABOUT TIME, SLUTS--

HNK

WÜDKA

CUH--

CURRH--!

HNNHH!

NNNNN!

NNNNN!

HAAHHHHH--!

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

MM?

WHY'D YOU DO IT?

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG?

POOR WEE FELLA...

THE FIRST BAD DAY.

JUST THE FIRST.

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG?

P

P

PL--

IT AIN'T ME, SON.

I'M SOMEWHERE ELSE WATCHIN' IT HAPPEN.

IT AIN'T ME.

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

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WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG, JACK?

WHY'D YOU KILL ME DOG?

THE END